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Let no such argument prevail, to wean you from your time-tried friend, **LUZIANNE COFFEE**

WEEKLY SHORT STORY

HIGH TIME.

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

"Then I suppose it's no use to argue."

"Not the slightest. When a Millard makes up her mind it stays made up, and I made up my mind yesterday, Bobbie."

"You mean your aunt Isabel made it up for you?" Robert Ashton answered, looking at Katherine Millard as she perched beside him in the bow of the boat.

"She did have a good deal to do with it, I'll admit. But, after all, she has lived much longer in this world than I have, and has gained more wisdom."

"Yes, worldly wisdom."

"Isn't that often another name for common sense? Besides, there are moments when I feel that she knows me better than I know myself. I do love the etereteras of life so, Bobbie! Love in a Harlem flat would never do for me. And you know from the first I've never given you the least cause for hope. I've always been perfectly frank with you, haven't I?"

"Always."

"Then I can't see why you should protest so much."

"Well, for one reason, I hate to see you flinging yourself away on old Senator Rathbone."

"Thank you."

"And for another! What man gives up the girl he loves without a struggle? It isn't human nature to forego a thing simply because it's beyond your reach. And there's a third reason. We could be so gloriously happy!"

The girl averted her eyes.

"I couldn't," he persisted.

"I don't know," she faltered.

"Ah, but you do know! That's why I dare to persist so much. We like the same things. We like the same people. We have the same sense of humor—except in the case of Senator Rathbone!"

"Bobbie, if you make fun of my friends, I won't take you sailing again."

"But Katherine!"

"Now, Bobbie!" For a second time she faced him squarely. "I've told you my mind's made up, and I mean what I say. You've been a good friend to me, and I've enjoyed the times we've had together. But if we're to be good friends still, this kind of thing can't keep going on. Don't you see how hard you are making it for me? Either you must promise me not to mention it again or I'll have to give up seeing you entirely."

"All right," he replied with that characteristic boyishness that women always found so adorable in him. "I'll be good."

She let out the main sheet of the White Lady until the spray dashed across the bow of the trim little craft. It was a gray day, with a hint of rain in the air and the seagulls hovering in.

Between gray-green water and slate-gray sky the White Lady seemed the only thing afloat that skimmed and tacked and lifted on the crest of the waves. They were racing to windward now, and the homes of the shore dwellers faded in the distance.

The shore rose to bare, rocky headlands capped with stunted pines; gaunt, jagged rocks with the water creeping at their base. Islands rose, mere specks in the distance, only discernible because of the surf that played about them, or the dwelling or two that reclaimed them from utter loneliness.

"Look out," sang Ashton, as the boat came suddenly about. "That was a pretty close shave."

"Who sails with me holds life in fee," laughed Katherine, intoxicated with wave and wind and foam.

"There is such a thing as a common sense," quoted Ashton.

But the wine of the sea was in

Katherine's blood. She rounded another flat rock triumphantly.

"Carefully," cautioned Ashton.

"Afraid?" she taunted with uplifted chin, and then laughed, as scarlet surged across his keen young face.

"Sail where you like! I don't care!" he cried.

"You think," she scoffed recklessly, "that just because I'm a girl I can't manage my own boat? Why, rounding these rocks is a perfect game for me! I've done it lots of times. Of course, I know the summer people are warned against it. But I'm not a summer person at heart. I'm what Capt. Davy calls a regular salt, and I allow no mutiny on the part of my crew. Sing ho, hum, ho, for a sailor's life, sing ho, sing ho, for a—"

They both knew what had happened when the boat jarred from bow to stern, knew it before the bitter sea water washed in their faces as they struggled toward a flat rock that uprose from the sea. When they reached it, it was the girl who spoke first. "Wait!" she said, "gently, and then, beneath her breath, 'If I had had sense enough to obey!'"

"If I had only jerked the tiller from you!" he said, in answer. But neither of them spoke what was uppermost in their minds.

No hope to try for the shore with its steep cliffs, where the water rolled and eddied; and the rock on which they stood was always covered at high tide. Already the water oozed and gurgled in.

"If only some one would see us," whispered the girl, "some passing boat or—"

The words died in her throat.

Ashton was staring at a speck that showed in the far distance—Deerhaven Island. When he spoke all the boyishness was gone from his voice.

"There's only one way, Katherine. Would you rather I tried for it, or shall we stay here together?"

"I'd rather you tried for it," she said bravely, seeing as well as he that there was not a moment to lose.

"I'll come back," he said, and she rang cheerfully. "I'm in splendid practice. Swam a couple of miles only the day before yesterday." He did not add that Capt. Davy had followed with a dory. "Keep up your heart, girl!" he cried, with a touch of his old gaiety.

"And you—"

"I'll remember that it's for you I'm swimming. The biggest breakers in the world won't make me forget that."

He waved her goodbye, as if he were off for a pleasure jaunt, and she watched him as he struck out squarely, making every stroke count.

The water lapped and gurgled about the rock on which she stood, rising ever higher. There was nothing hungry in the way the little waves crept up, reaching greedily. She tried to think of other things, to watch for a sail.

Slowly the water rose. It touched her ankles, her knees. The lift of each oncoming wave nearly took her off her feet.

At that, panic seized her. If she were swept from the rock, what then? Gropingly and numb with cold she reached for the long growths of seaweed with which the rock was covered. Lengthened out they came almost to her shoulders. She twisted her hands in them and waited.

There came the moment when the new wave made her shudder, and each new wave made her shudder, and she breathed gaspingly. She had long since given up hope of rescue. There remained but one thought—that whatever came she must stay where they would find her.

After all, drowning was not so hard. After the first deep strangling breath she herself slipping into unconsciousness. Snatches of past events, trivial and vivid, shone before her for a moment; then all merged into the blackness that closed her round.

When she opened her eyes she met the anxious gaze of Ashton bending over her. She wondered dimly if he belonged to the old life, and then his voice, perturbed and human, came to her as from a great distance.

"A moment more," he was saying, "and we would have been too late."

Then with a start it all came back to her—all that had occurred. Capt. Davy was sitting in the stern of the rescuing boat looking both triumphant and concerned.

"Guess your aunt will be pretty glad to have you back," he beamed. "And say that senator they say you're engaged to."

"But I'm not engaged to him," she protested faintly. She appealed to Ashton. "Tell him—"

"That isn't so, and never will be," Katherine!

"You say that as if you thought I was overwrought and speaking wildly. I never was surer of myself in my life than I am at this minute. Oh, Bobbie, can't you see that in that hour alone out there I learned the things that don't count and the things that do?"

"For once a Millard has changed her mind," she whispered.

And Capt. Davy, scanning the horizon with tactful scrutiny, heaved a sympathetic sigh.

"Looks as if we were in for a spell of fair weather ahead," he muttered. "Winds turned, clouds are liftin' and all's well!"

AS WOMEN OFTEN SUFFER.

How to Escape Daily Backache, Weariness and Distress.

Mrs. Jas. M. Long, 113 N. Augusta St., Staunton, Va., says: "For years I suffered pain through the kidneys and back that kept me a wake nights, nights, and distressing urinary troubles. These daily attacks made me weary and sick, and often I had to give up and lie down, though it gave me no ease to do so. Doan's Kidney Pills brought me immediate relief and I continued taking until completely cured. In four years since then I have had no kidney trouble."

At any dealer's, 50c. a box, or mailed on receipt of price by Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

RICHMOND MAN IS LOST IN MEXICO

John H. Sumrow's Disappearance Is a Puzzle—It Is Feared He Has Been Victim of Crime.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—The friends and relatives of John H. Sumrow, formerly of this city, but more recently of Mexico City, Mex., are manifestly perturbed as a result of his recent mysterious disappearance and subsequent unexplained absence.

Young Sumrow, who is about twenty-five years old, left the Mexican city June 15th for the United States. He journeyed by water, engaging accommodation on a steamship of the Mexico-Ward line, arriving in New York seven days later.

From the metropolis he went directly to New London, N. C., where he visited his mother.

He told his friends that he had secured a month's leave of absence and was expected back in Mexico City by July 15th.

Upon his return to the Mexican city he was to take full charge of the Hotel Sanz, one of the leading hostleries of that city.

On July 14th he left New London for Salisbury, where he spent several days with a brother, an express messenger from Washington city to Savannah, Ga. He bought a ticket for New York City in the presence of his brother, whom he informed he would start for Mexico City by water immediately he got to the metropolis.

That was the last seen of him by anyone who knew him. After his leaving-taking of his brother in Salisbury, nothing was thought of the matter until his relatives in the Tarheel State were apprised by his wife, whom he left behind in the Mexican city, that he did not show up at home on the day he was expected back.

His brother telegraphed the Mexico-Ward Line steamship authorities at New York, but they could find no record of his having taken passage for Mexico City.

"No such person engaged accommodations on any of our vessels bound for Mexico City," was the substance of their reply.

By this time the relatives of the young man had become thoroughly alarmed and sought the aid of the police of a number of cities, including this city.

So far no trace of the missing man has been found.

Letter to the local police from Salisbury, N. C., says that full play is suspected.

Young Sumrow is the brother of W. J. Sumrow, of 2022 Hanover Avenue, this city, who is associated with the Aragon Coffee Company, located in Washington Ward.

WOULD LYNCH NEGRO FOR KILLING OFFICER

Bloodhounds on Trail and Lynchings Certain to Follow Capture.

RALEIGH, N. C.—Special.—After midnight hours near the town of Spencer, Columbus Shepherd, of Washington, D. C., was waylaid, beaten into insensibility and robbed of \$200 by three negroes. He will probably die of his injuries.

Shepherd was visiting relatives and friends there. A posse was organized and has started after the negroes with bloodhounds.

Another lynching party is scouring the woods of Anson county named Claude Thomas, who shot and killed Officer J. M. Sings, of McFarland.

The officer died last night of two gunshot wounds in the abdomen. This negro already had killed one white man. The mob will string him up as soon as caught.

At the time of the killing the officer was in the act of arresting another negro and this is given as the only reason for the killing.

100,000 AFFECTED BY LABOR BATTLE

Strike Already Affects 100,000 and the Situation Grows Worse Hourly.

NEW CASTLE, ENG.—Special.—With 100,000 already affected by the Northeastern Railway strike, the situation grew worse hourly today and the disaffection is spreading so rapidly that it is feared the employees of the Great Northern and North British Railways will join in sympathy and cause a gigantic railway tie-up throughout England.

There is a growing demand that the Government take over the Northeastern lines, temporarily at least, and investigate the justice of the men's demands for better working conditions while traffic is still being carried on.

This would be a saving to trade and at the same time work no harm to either the railroad or employees.

WANT RECORDS LOST DURING THE WAR

Was Removed by Federal Soldiers and Bought From Junk Dealer—State Wants Copy as Well as to Be Reimbursed.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—Judge Timothy Riva, attorney for the Commonwealth in Prince George county, is here today in an effort to

STATEMENT EXPLAINS LABOR AGREEMENT

Bucks Store Company Says That Long Standing Dispute Has Reached Settlement.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Special.—Secretary Morrison of the Federation of Labor, made this statement yesterday to the understanding between the Bucks Company and the unions:

"The agreement just entered into by the representative of the Bucks Store and Range Company with the officers of the international organizations, that this company will employ members of their organizations and the unions, on their part, agreeing to supply the company with competent craftsmen to carry on their business, is but a manifestation of the best results for all concerned."

"The continued adjustment of the differences between employers and their employees throughout America is but a manifestation of the steady growth of sentiment among employers in favor of the principles for which the American labor movement stands, an indication that within the near future there will be few employers who will not favor collective bargaining."

"The agreement is not only satisfactory to the employers, but promotes peace of mind among employees, which is conducive to good workmanship, a condition which cannot prevail among employees who have nothing to say in regard to the wages and conditions under which they work."

"Cases now pending will not affect the agreement, and the matter may go to the courts for adjustment."

Judge Rives today intimated that the state's interest in the matter would be to return the old book to the county in consideration of the compensation of \$20 and the condition that a typewritten copy be made by the county for the archives of the State Library.

Whereupon there was dissent—dissent that is begun with a large capital and is meant to represent the views of the officers of the county. The idea that there should be required anything more than the expense incurred in getting the volume into the State Library, and the matter may go to the courts for adjustment.

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MYSTERY IN THE DEATH OF RAWN

RUMORS ARE THAT RAILROAD PRESIDENT COMMITTED SUICIDE.

SOME CLAIM MURDER

Railroad President Said to Have Been Interested in Big Scandal—Family Is Reticent.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Special.—Failure to trace any fugitive from Winnetka, the North Shore suburb, where Ira G. Rawn, president of the Monon Railroad, was shot by a man named yesterday, strengthened the belief of the police today that the railroad chief committed suicide.

While Ralph H. Coburn, son-in-law of Mr. Rawn, today predicted a rest within a few hours the police worked to strengthen the suicide theory. Rawn's connection with the Illinois Central graft scandal is well known. Rawn's family declared that two shots were fired in the hallway of the Winnetka home. Neighbors heard only one and traces of only one shot could be found.

Mystery shrouded the case today as evidence in support of each of the varying theories—that he was killed by a burglar; that a secret enemy was the assassin; that he killed himself—was found. The suicide theory, however, receives most credence, because of the attitude of the family in refusing to discuss the case.

Winnetka or Chicago to take part in the investigation. Railway men declare Rawn was largely responsible for the Illinois Central graft scandal in the Illinois Central and was facing probable criminal action.

Feared Graft Exposure.

They considered it likely he would kill himself rather than face exposure of the inside of the car repair deals, in the investigation of which he testified twice within the last week and a half.

Friends and business associates say that since the inquiry Rawn has aged years since it became known that he held between \$500 and \$1,000 shares in the Blue Island Car and Equipment Company, which in July million dollars later found him in the hands of the railroad.

Rawn twice obtained postponements of the investigations, claiming he was ill and he had to be home to attend to his affairs. He was unwilling to testify, principally, it is alleged, because his testimony not only would have injured himself, but would have ruined the railroad reputation of half a dozen men high in the trust of the company.

ing, and was no witness to the shooting. The person who can best out even the slightest part of the murder was Rawn. She says she was awakened by a sound and her husband the summons which sent him to the police.

One of the many stories in circulation was to the effect that Rawn recently had taken out \$10,000 new insurance. Relatives, however, deny this. Three railroad presidents and others prominent in the railroad world will be called to testify on Friday afternoon at 3:30 o'clock.

Despite the fact that Mr. Coburn stated he would offer a reward for the murderer, the police authorities from making an investigation.

More news was added to the tragedy when another detective agency, represented by its superintendent and his chief assistant, arrived in the district and began an inquiry. They, too, were repulsed by Rawn's relatives and their nervousness was increased, but their presence led to considerable speculation as to who was responsible for placing them there.

Rumors that insurance companies interested had sent them there were denied. The report that they had been employed by railroad interests was also denied.

The inquiry will be held next Wednesday. The autopsy last night by Dr. J. H. Reynolds disclosed nothing more than what was learned earlier in the day.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

An Interesting Legend.

An Eastern mother, wild with anguish over the death of her baby, went to the priest and implored that he restore her child to life. He consented to do so, but first she must bring to him a cup of flour (which some trifles) from a home into which sorrow had never entered. Eagerly she agreed to the imposed condition.

From cot to cot, from palace to palace, she went, and at last she returned to the priest. "Shall the miracle now be performed?" he asked; but she shook her head. She had been unable to perform her part of the contract, for no threshold had she found over which sorrow had not trailed her somber garments.

The woman's face, however, was illumined, and the wise priest knew that the miracle he had expected had been performed. In comforting the sorrows of others the grief-stricken mother had found balm for her own heart. If from our own experiences, our own mistakes, our own losses, we can find crumbs of comfort or of wisdom to feed to hungering lives, the travail of mind and body which has been ours has surely not been in vain.

Fourth of July Recipes for Children.

Ice Cream Forts.—These are made by pressing the cream in a half pint measure and then placing halved candied cherries on the sides to represent the gun sights and tiny flags in the tops.

Torpedoes.—Wrap large chocolate creams in white tissue paper, twisting the ends to represent torpedoes.

Star-Spangled Cake.—Any cake may be used; while the icing is still moist, decorate it with small stars cut from candied cherries and red candied pineapple, or the tiny red and blue jubilee paste stars may be used.

The Way to Keep Young.

It is every woman's duty to keep young as long as possible, but unfortunately, she does not always know the best way to live up to that duty. Avoid worry, hurry, and getting flustered.

Learn self-control. Anger is a rapid wrinkle-bringer.

Be temperate. Moderation does not only refer to the stomach. Overdoing in any way makes for premature aging. Love the open air. Fresh air is not a fad; it is a necessity if one would keep young.

Get plenty of sleep. Nothing lines the face like nights of wakefulness. Be mentally alert. An intellectual back number adds years to her seeming age. Nothing makes for youth like a young mind, save perhaps, a young heart.

Don't let yourself get sluggish and indifferent. Here is where the benefit of mass, to physical culture and a vital interest in life comes in.

Bathing Suit Fashions.

"To-day the well-dressed girl's bathing outfit is a convincing illustration that fashions, at least along some lines, are improving as the days go by," says Grace Margaret Gould in Woman's Home Companion. "Bathing suits reflect the trend of the prevailing fashion. They are smart in style and decidedly shapely—occasionally a little too shapely—and they are made of modish fabrics and are trimmed in most attractive ways."

"And not the smallest accessory of the bathing suit is forgotten—every little detail is considered. The girl who studies her clothes and who cares especially for appropriateness in dress is specially particular about her bathing costume. She wants it to be stylish, to be sure, but she is equally anxious that in no way shall it be conspicuous."

"In deciding upon the color for her suit she generally selects either a dark blue, dark brown or black. Such shades as red, light tan, or white are only permissible for the well-dressed little girl. The grown-up girl keeps the foundation coloring of her bathing suit dark and introduces the bright color note, if she must have it, in the trimming."

CHANGES IN LIST OF SCHOOL BOOKS

State Board Reconsiders Former Action, Which Seems to Be in Favor of Single Firm.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—After having accepted Walker's "Caesar" for the high school course at the April meeting of the State Board of Education, reconsidered at the June meeting, the board today has decided to place the Gunston and Harley's book in place of Walker's publication, the State Board of Education reconsidered again last night and decided to award, giving the book to the public schools of the State shall be stamped on the back of the books before they are offered for sale.

In connection with the selection of the Latin textbook for the high schools, Walker's was on the book list last year, as was also the Gunston and Harley book. The latter book, published by Silver, Burdette & Co., one of the biggest concerns in the country. It is being whispered that the book is being used in the political world, and to use a popular expression, "they have been given the cream of the business."

The action of the board last night makes a change for the city high schools, as very few of the books which are to be used for the coming year have been used in the city schools, and the making of a city and a country list means that the Silver, Burdette & Co., publication has been given the bulge of the business.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT

Recipes.

Blackberry Must.—Stir two quarts of blackberries into one and a half pints of water, heating slowly to boiling point. Then mix in gradually enough graham meal to thicken, being careful not to put too much in, as it will then be full of lumps. Stir in also a cupful of white flour, which has been moistened and made smooth in a little cold water. Cook and set where it will continue to cook without scorching, and let it remain ten minutes, stirring once or twice. Then set it back on the stove, where it will not cook for a few minutes. Pour into a mold and set away to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.

Raspberry Vinegar.—Look over the berries, and place them without water in a preserving kettle; let them cook until the juice is well drawn, and add sugar to make them very sweet. Boil ten minutes; the add vinegar enough to taste a trifle acid.

Spanish Eggs a la Creole.

"Spanish eggs a la Creole" is a Spanish sauce after the following recipe may be used with hard-boiled eggs to make this dish," says Fannie Merritt Farmer in the Woman's Home Companion.

First, for the sauce, cook one and one-half cupsful of canned tomatoes fifteen minutes with one-fourth of an onion thinly sliced, a sprig of parsley, a bit of bayleaf, six cloves, one-half teaspoonful of salt, one-fourth of a teaspoonful of paprika and a few grains of cayenne. Then rub through a sieve. Beat the yolks of three eggs slightly and add gradually three tablespoonfuls of olive oil. Combine mixture and sauce, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add one tablespoonful of granulated gelatin soaked in three-fourths of a tablespoonful each of tarragon vinegar and cold water; strain and cool. Cut six hard-boiled eggs in halves lengthwise and remove yolks. Mix one-third of a cup of cold cream with one-half cup of the sauce, and pour into the eggshells. Garnish with thin slices of ham, finely chopped and the yolks of four of the eggs rubbed through a sieve. Moisten with prepared sauce and refill whites with mixture. Mask eggs as smoothly as possible with sauce and garnish with thin slices of ham. Arrange on a serving dish and garnish with watercress."

Making Friends with the New Dog.

"Have a kennel ready before the dog arrives," says Kate V. Saint-Maur in the Woman's Home Companion. "A dry goods case, covered with roofing paper, will do if it has two heavy pieces of canvas nailed across the bottom, to lift it three or four inches above the ground, so that the air can circulate under it and prevent moisture from the ground making the floor damp."

"If the dog has been crated and expressed, remember that in all probability the poor beast will be frightened, tired and cross. Talk to it for a while and manage, if possible, to get on and a chain attached to the collar. Then let it out, and let him inspect the premises in the neighborhood of the house. Naturally, cleanly dogs will need the exercise, so don't curtail it. If there are any signs of constipation, a dish of sour milk will usually correct the trouble. If, however, the journey has been the reverse effect, which is very likely to be the case in summer, scald milk, pour over some stale bread which has been toasted, and feed when quite cool."

"Feed him yourself and take him for a run on chain in the evening, early in the morning and at noon. Decide which will be the most convenient hours, and try not to change them. Two or three days are usually sufficient to make the average dog accept a new master and claim the kennel as his castle; so after that time he can be allowed freedom."

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FOOD DEAD ON GRAVE OF HUSBAND

Crime at First Suspected in Case of Mrs. John Lebelt, of Richmond, Died of Broken Heart.

RICHMOND, VA.—Special.—The body of Mrs. John T. Lebelt will not be exhumed, as stated in an afternoon paper yesterday, according to Sheriff Kemp, of Henric county. Sheriff Kemp stated this morning that there is no reason whatever for thinking that the woman met her death by foul play. Many say she died of a broken heart, having grieved her life away over the loss of her husband.

Mrs. Lebelt was found dead nearly two weeks ago on the grave of her husband, who had died a short time previously. There was no suspicion at the time of foul play, and there is not now in the minds of the authorities. Both the undertaker who buried Mrs. Lebelt and the doctor who had attended her stated that she undoubtedly died of heart disease.

"Nothing will be done in the matter," stated Sheriff Kemp this morning. "We have no reasons to think that the woman died from any other than natural causes. In fact we are convinced beyond doubt that heart disease was the cause. There was some talk among two or three people of foul play, but there is nothing in it. So far as the county authorities are concerned, Mrs. Lebelt will rest peacefully in her grave."

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